

# *Damon and Celia, Or, the languishing Lover comforted.*

Of all new Songs, the Poet hopes that this  
Will please you well, because he knows it is  
A very good one, you may find hereby,  
There's nothing lost by loving constantly.

To a pleasant New play-house Tune, called *No, no tis in vain, &c.*

Which ought to be all honest Lovers Guide  
But as for such who no delays abide;  
Let them love one, for half an hour no more,  
And when they've done go call their Mrs. whore.



**N**O, no, 'tis in vain,  
Though I sigh and complain,  
Yet the secret I'll never reveal:  
The Whisks shall not tear it,  
From my breast, but I'll bear it,  
To the Grave, where it ever shall dwell:  
Oh! would that the Gods had created her low,  
and plac'd the poor Hylas above,  
Then, then I a present might freely know,  
of a heart that is all over Love.  
Like the Damn'd from the fire,  
I may gaze and admire,  
Yet never can hope to be blest:  
Oh the pangs of a Love,  
That dares not discover,  
The Poison that lodg'd in his breast:  
Like a Tree that is wounded I bleeding run on,  
and still I the passion would hide,  
But oh 'tis vain, for wherever I run,  
the bloody Dart sticks in my side.  
Like a Ship on the Ocean,  
That's ever in motion,  
Continually tumbl'd and tost:  
When each greedy wave  
Portendeth a grave

and on the hard Rock to be lost:  
Each frown from my Celia does threaten my worst  
which alas I find to be true,  
My torments do follow where ever I go,  
'tis in vain to fly, fate will pursue.  
If the cause she'd discover,  
To her languishing Lover,  
Why, why she so cruel doth probe,  
An Alter I'll raise,  
And her anger appease,  
By a sacrific'd heart to her Love:  
Then Cupid would know the fault lay not in me  
and ease my distraction and pain,  
Nethinks to his God-head an honour 'twould be,  
in making her love me again.  
But if he take part,  
To destroy my poor heart  
Then I'll curse both his Darts and Bow,  
For he if he please,  
Can to Lovers give ease,  
And make them his power to know,  
My Celia from blame I will ever set free,  
and her name I will always adore,  
She's a Goddess on earth, to be worshipp'd by me  
expecting her blessing in Love.





### Celia's Kind Answer.

**I**s not in vain,  
 You do sigh and complain,  
 For the secret to me is reveal'd:  
 My Breast now doth bear it,  
 Where for ever I'll wear it,  
 Such flames cannot long be conceal'd:  
 The Gods have created me low to your mind,  
 and plac'd your affections above,  
 The present I ask is that still you'd prove kind  
 and give me that heart full of Love.

Like the blest free from trouble,  
 Our joys still may double,  
 And never no sorrow can know,  
 Then happy's that Lover,  
 Which dares not discover,  
 Whose flames which occasion his woe:  
 Like a prisoner set free, he may sing and rejoice  
 when he from confinement is clear,  
 If his Love prove kind, then thrice happy's his  
 no bloody darts after appear.

Like a Merchant whose treasure  
 Comes home in full measure,  
 From the Indies who long have been gone,  
 Such joys do abound,  
 To a Lover that's crown'd,  
 With success, that before look'd for none:

Now smile my dear Damon, the day is your own,  
 no more of your Celia complain,  
 Your constancy my true affections hath won,  
 then count not your sorrows in vain.

It was only to try ye,  
 Which made me deny ye,  
 The cause now you certainly know,  
 My heart you shall have,  
 Till cold death to the Grave,  
 Does force us to pay what we owe:  
 Little Cupid hath heard thee, & made me prove kind,  
 heard your complaints e'ry day,  
 When the night came, he did torture my mind  
 by telling me what you did say.

He was your best friend,  
 And your suit did commend,  
 Then pitty sweet Damon, no more,  
 Let's not angry prove,  
 To the God of our love,  
 but for ever his power adore:  
 My heart is thy own, and I'll give thee my hand,  
 we'll marry and make no delay,  
 And I my own self will be at thy command,  
 to please thee by night and by day.

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